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The Ashbys In Iowa

BY

NEWTON B. ASHBY

A FAMILY HISTORY AND STORY OF
PIONEER LIFE

1925

*Copy presented to
Newton B. Ashby*



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OF EXCELLENCE
AND COURAGE IN THE
The Ashbops in the

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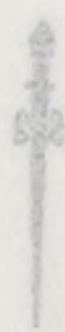
NEWTON B. ASHBY

A FAMILY HISTORY AND STORY OF
PIONEER LIFE

1852

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VOLUME 1
OF
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The Ashbys In Iowa

Ashton, Newton B.

Ashby's in Iowa. 1925

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Ashton, Newton B.

p. 23

Ashbys in Iowa

The frontier and pioneer life as we know them in the sixties in Iowa have passed away from the United States. The development of the telephone, the extension of railways west of the Mississippi, the application of steam in farm operations, and the entire development of electricity and gasoline as motor factors have taken place in my lifetime. In my school days we read Darius Green and his Flying Machine as humor.

NEWTON B. ASHBY.

Tucson, 1925.

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Ashton, Newton B.
Ashtons in town. 1935

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Ashtons in town
Ashtons, Newton

OF EXCELLENCE

ONE BOOK IS THE YOUNG

The Ashbys In Iowa

FOREWORD.

I am writing this brief history of the Ashby family, especially for my children and those who may come after them. I hope however that my many nephews and nieces and their children may find it interesting. The brief story of the Ashby's is not intended as a geneological tree, and hence does not attempt to trace the family into its many branches.

My life has extended over a most eventful period. The frontier and pioneer life as we knew them in the sixties in Iowa have passed away from the United States. The development of the telephone, the extension of railways west of the Mississippi, the application of steam in farm operations, and the entire development of electricity and gasoline as motor factors have taken place in my lifetime. In my school days we read Darius Green and his Flying Machine as humor.

NEWTON B. ASHBY.

Tucson, 1925.

The English in China

CHAPTER I

I am writing this little history of the English in China for my children and those who may come after them. I hope however that my countrymen, Chinese and those Chinese who had it in their mind to study of the English, will find it interesting and useful. I have tried to show the English as they are, not as they are supposed to be.

My aim has been to give a true picture of the English and Chinese life as we know it. It is true that I have not been able to do this in every detail, but I have tried to give a true picture of the English and Chinese life as we know it. It is true that I have not been able to do this in every detail, but I have tried to give a true picture of the English and Chinese life as we know it.

WILLIAM H. MARTIN

1891

THE ASHBYS IN IOWA.

I have been contemplating for some years a story such as I have now set out upon. I had intended to undertake this in more ripened years after seventy but the wintering in Tucson has given me leisure. I shall not begin as in a family pedigree nor carry forward by descent. I shall rather imitate the crayfish and proceed backward after a few preliminary paragraphs.

The Ashby family was originally Danish. The first Ashby came into England with the Danish invaders, probably in the tenth century, and from the fact that there was a town and castle of Ashby, was doubtless a captain or leader. Every town in England the name of which ends in "by" is of Danish origin. The town of Ashby or Ashby de la Zouche and the castle of Ashby mentioned in *Ivanhoe* are situated in the northeast corner of Leicestershire, England. The town is now a manufacturing town of some importance, and the ruins of the castle are still shown on a commanding hill on the south of the town.

The Ashbys have been pioneers. There was an Ashby among the early colonists of Massachusetts and there is a town of Ashby thirty or forty miles out from Boston. Our family however belongs to the Virginia branch. There was an Ashby among the Jamestown colonists in 1620, but the connection between this Ashby and our first Virginia ancestor has not been definitely established. Our first family ancestor of which we know definitely came from or near Ashby's gap in the Blue Ridge east of the Shenandoah. I have no doubt but that he was a son or relative of that famous John Ashby who gave name to the Gap, helped make Virginia history, and begat sons and daughters. Of him and the Virginia Ashbys I will say something later.

The ancestor to whom we can trace with certainty was Thompson Ashby. The Virginia Ashbys in common with many other Virginia families, received grants of land in Kentucky for services rendered in the Indian wars. Washington mentions in his dispatches different Ashbys of the Thomas Ashby family distinguished for services rendered in both the Indian wars, and during the Revolution. Washington also devoted considerable personal attention to seeing that those Virginians who had served under him were suitably recompensed with land grants in the West—as beyond the Alleghenies was then called.

YOUR GRANDPARENTS.

My father was William Henry Ashby. My mother was Margaretta (nee Boyer) Ashby. Father was born at Shelbyville, Kentucky in 1820. His father was Abram Ashby and his mother Elizabeth (nee Hoheimer) Ashby. There were only two children born of this marriage, your great uncle, Thompson Van Meter Ashby and your grandfather, Wm. Henry Ashby.

Abram Ashby removed with his family to Montgomery County, Indiana, in 1828. His mother, who was a widow, and his sisters and brothers, of which there were several, came at the same time and all settled in Montgomery County, Indiana, where we children were born. The pioneer urge was in father's veins and so in 1860 he pushed on west into Iowa and bought land and brought out his family in 1861. The journey out and our early experiences in Iowa I am reserving for a later chapter.

Father's uncle Milton Ashby and his aunt Nancy Harrison, wife of Eli Harrison, had come out to Iowa some years previously and had settled on adjacent Iowa farms

in Clark county, seven miles west of where father bought. I presume that this was the deciding reason for buying where he did. I do not know what father was worth when he came to Iowa, but he was considered for that time to be a man of wealth. He bought 480 acres of land—280 of prairie land where we lived—of the finest land in the township, and 160 of bottom and timber land on the Otter Creek a mile west. Those were the days before coal and barb wire and hence every man had to have a wood supply for fuel and for fencing.

Father formed a partnership with Thomas (Uncle Tommy) Parrish of Clark County, and engaged in cattle buying, feeding and shipping. In our country, sparsely settled as it was, the cattle buyer had to ride (always horseback) over wide territory to collect sufficient cattle for the feed yard and on one occasion at least, I know, father rode as far as Sac County, more than one hundred miles. I will relate later the *modus operandi* of those days.

From 1861 to 1865 during the Civil war, prices were abnormally high, money scarce and interest rates high—(There were cases where men paid as high as 40%). At the close of the war there came a debacle such as followed in 1920 and 1921, but more severely felt under pioneer conditions. The firm of Parrish and Ashby suffered heavy losses. In addition Parrish was robbed in Chicago of \$9,500 of partnership money. Parrish became bankrupt. Father's reputation for strict and incorruptible honesty saved him from a similar fate. His notes were accepted in lieu of mortgages to cover his indebtedness and he set about the slow retrieving of his fortunes. He died in 1875 after a very brief illness.

Your grandfather was a slight built man of medium height. I do not think he could have weighed more than

in Clark County, Iowa, where most of my father's family
I presume that this was the first time I had
heard of him. I do not know what father was doing
when he came to Iowa, but he was certainly not there
then in a state of health. The family was not at home
—and I presume that some of them at the time were
in the hospital, but not of course any more than I
was. I think I had a wife then. I was sure the doctor
said that I had been very sick and that I had
been very ill and that I had been very ill.

Father found a partnership with Thomas (John
Thomas) Thomas of Clark County and secured in 1880
a large building and shipping. He was certainly
entitled as to the title to the land in the
partnership and was certainly in a position to
for the first year and a half or so of the
first year of the partnership, and then he
sold. I will leave that to the reader's
eyes.

From 1881 to 1885 during the Civil war years
Thomas, John, Henry, and others were
(There were some other men who were in the
the first of the war there were a number of men
lived in 1880 and 1881 but they were not
known elsewhere. The firm of Thomas and John
lived very close. In addition Thomas was in
Chicago of \$2,500 of partnership money. This was
partnership. Father's reputation for skill and
this money saved him from a serious loss. The
was accepted in that of a partner to cover the
loss and he was about the time of his
to him in 1885 after a very brief illness.

For Thomas was a little bit more of a
light. I do not think he would have remained more than

135 pounds. He was in a general way frail in health, yet for all that he could put forth for hours at a time a strength and endurance beyond the most robust men in our community. He had blue gray eyes, quiet courteous manner and was exceptionally well educated and well read for the times, and was distinctly the leading man of his township, universally liked and respected and was sought out by all men of prominence who came our way. He was alert and progressive. He introduced the first clover and timothy into the township in the face of protests of the older settlers that it would be a waste of his money. They were fully persuaded that the prairie country was not adapted to tame grasses. His first sowing of red clover was a great success and the field remained in clover and timothy for fourteen years consecutively. He planted the first successful apple orchard and grape vineyard. He bought the first self binder, a McCormick reaper tying with wire.

Uncle Thompson, father's brother, remained on the farmstead in Indiana. He married Dulcinea Lockridge. Three children were born to them: William, Robert and Louisa, now Mrs. James Foster. They are all living in or near Ladoga, and are married and have families. Uncle Thompson was born in 1818 and died at Ladoga in 1903. Aunt Dully, as we familiarly knew her, was born in 1825 and died at Ladoga in 1915.

YOUR GRANDMOTHER.

Mother's maiden name was Margaretta Boyer. She was of Pennsylvania Dutch stock. She was born at Circleville, Ohio, in 1822. I know so little of her family that I asked your Aunt Mary to supply the material for the following:

“Grandmother Hostetter was Mary Wolfley, of Lancaster, Penn. She came to Ohio, Pickaway County. She married William Boyer and they lived in or near Circleville, Ohio. Five children were born to them:

I. John—married twice. Sheriff of county; then Mayor of Circleville. Man of splendid character. Quite a family worth while.

II. Catherine—Married Henry Hedges, of Circleville. Banker. Had three daughters:

Anne—married a Mr. Davis, Circleville.

Mary

Glenn

Tabitha—married Mr. Moore, Circleville, Ohio. Martha, (about Regina's age)

Hattie—married Roy Gallagher, Delaware, Ohio. Grocer.

Glen Davis entered the army. Somewhere we have an account of his wedding, a big military affair, in Washington, D. C. He died in Washington in 1922. (N. B. A.)

Martha Moore died when Regina was in Oxford, Ohio.

III. Betsy—married Theodore Carlisle.

They had a large family. The last I knew they were in Detroit, Mich. I never saw Aunt Betsy. (She returned to Fostoria, and died there.—N. B. A.)

IV. William—made his home with Aunt Catherine. Died in his early twenties.

V. Margaretta—married Wm. Ashby. When your Grandmother Ashby was a little girl her father, William Boyer, died. Later her mother, Mary Wolfley Boyer, married David Hostetter, when your Grandmother Ashby was about nine years old. He had six children by a former marriage.

1. Sherman—married “Fronie” Byrd, Boone County, Ind. Member of Legislature. Man of ability. Had a large family.

2. Ben—married Lou Ann Mahoney. Had two children. Lived near Ladoga.

"Innocent" Thomas and Mary White of Lake
view, Iowa. His name is John W. White. His
mother, William White and she lived in the White
house. His children were born in Iowa.

1. John - married Maria. Child of Mary, John
White of Iowa. His name is John W. White.
John a female white child.

2. William - married Mary. Child of Mary,
John White. His name is William.
John married a white child.

John
John
John - married Mary. Child of Mary,
John White. His name is John W. White.

John - married Mary. Child of Mary,
John White. His name is John W. White.
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John married a white child.

Wolfley Line

J. Conrad Woelffle (Wolfley) came from Germany in 1750 married Anna Catjerine Schawkey (Shockey). They settled at Middletown, Dauphin co. Pa. They had a number of children among whom was John, who married an Elizabeth ----. They had 4 or 5 children among whom was Mary Magdalena. They moved to Elizabethtown not far away. Elizabeth wife of John Wm. died and he m. Ed Mrs. Elizabeth Heintzelman McCartney a widow by whom he had several children among whom was Elizabeth (Lutz), Phoebe (McCulloch) & Catherine (Lucke) the father died while on a trip to Ohio about 1823.

Mary Magdalena dau. of John Wm. Wolfley married in 1812 at Elizabethtown, Pa. John Henry Boyer of Reading, Pa. A few years later they moved to Pickaway co. Ohio in town of Circleville and here John Henry Boyer died in 1822 or 1823. Their dau. Margaretta later moved with her mother to Ladodge, Indiana and there married William Henry Ashby

Data from Ethel Ashby Keyle, 1943

Over





1. *First Edition—Albany, 1840.*
 Printed by George and Lydia
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 100 Nassau. Author's introduction. Some
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 in 1840. 12mo. 100 pages.

2. *Second Edition—New York, 1841.*
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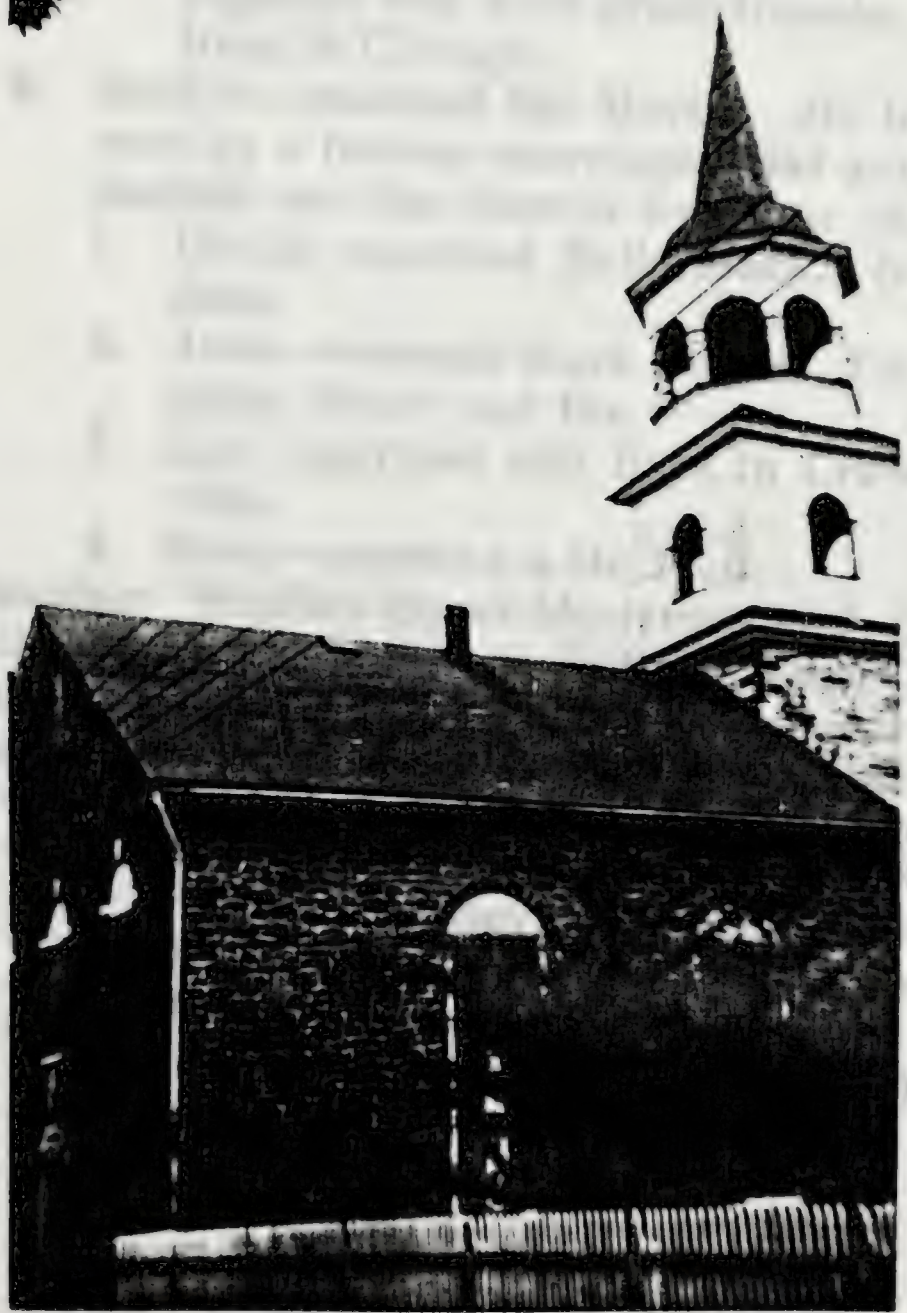
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3. David Hostetter—Amanda Graybill.

Sammy, Emma and Lydia.

Aunt Amanda Graybill Hostetter is Nellie Graybill, Ashby's grandmother. Nellie Graybill married Wallace Ashby. Emma married Doctor Waterhouse.

4. Jane—married George Heckathorne. They lived on a farm right beside Grandfather. Had quite a large family. One son, Robert, was a captain in the Civil war. Was in the cavalry. Was killed in action.

5. Mary Anne—Davidson.

1. Zarilda, married Mr. Burns, of Crawfordsville.

2. Kate—married a Mr. Armentrout.

3. Sallie—who married David Harshbarger.

Aunt Anne Davidson was Jessie Harshbarger Gill's grandmother. Nellie Graybill, Jessie Harshbarger, Dulcena Ashby and Regina were at Western College together and were great friends. Jessie lives in Chicago.

6. Zarilda—married Ike Martin. He had two sons by a former marriage, Levi and Arch. Zarilda and Ike Martin had four children.

1. David—married Belle Mack. No children.

2. Jane—married Mark Hayes. Two children, Helen and Ike.

3. Lou—married and lives in Crawfordsville.

4. Mary—married a Mr. Huff.

Grandmother Wolfley-Boyer-Hostetter and Grandfather Hostetter moved to Indiana when Grandmother was nine years old.

To the combined family of five and six children were added two more. Luckey and Lewis.

5. Uncle Luckey Hostetter married Beckey Pottinger. They had four or five children. Moved to Kansas. I think Leavenworth.

6. Lewis died when a young man, and unmarried."

Newton Ashby Services Here

Graveside services for Newton B. Ashby, 88, former United States consul at Dublin, Eire, were held recently in Woodland cemetery. He died in Tucson, Ariz., his home after leaving Des Moines a few years ago.

Writer and lecturer on farm subjects, Mr. Ashby had worked on the Iowa Homestead and had been editor of the Farmer and Breeder, published at Cedar Rapids, Ia. He held bachelor's and master's degrees from Simpson college.

Mr. Ashby was married in 1888 to Miss Harriet E. Wallace, daughter of Henry Wallace, grandfather of Secretary of Commerce Henry A. Wallace.

He lived for a number of years on a farm northwest of Des Moines and later at 3209 Beaver ave.

Surviving are his wife; two sons, William and Newton Ashby, both of Washington, D. C.; two daughters, Nan Ashby, dean of women at State Teachers' college, Silver City, N. M.; and Mrs. Cecil Hoffman, of Tucson; three brothers, Thompson Ashby, of Chariton, Ia.; and W. E. and J. L. Ashby, of Des Moines; 10 grandchildren and one great grandchild.

*Mr. Wallace
Newton Breeder
Iowa*

Newton Anthony Services

Newton Anthony, 65, of Newton, Mass., died at his home on Monday, May 10, 1993, after a long illness. He was born on May 15, 1928, in Newton, Mass., and was a member of the Newton Community Church. He was a graduate of Newton North High School and worked for the Newton City of Boston for many years. He was a devoted husband and father, and is survived by his wife, Mary, and three children. A funeral service will be held on Wednesday, May 12, at 10:00 a.m. in the Newton Community Church. Burial will be in the Newton Cemetery. The family will receive friends at their home, 123 Main St., Newton, Mass., from 2:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. on Tuesday, May 11.

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You remember your grandmother Ashby and her quiet but determined ways. She was admirably fitted for pioneer life. During the years of privation of pioneer life in Iowa, with father away from home much of the time, I never knew her to worry or fret. She was an indefatigable worker and was always busy. She kept up her activity until her death in 1903 in her eighty-first year from pneumonia. I have no doubt that had she escaped this scourge she would have lived hale to ninety years or more.

YOUR GREAT-GRANDPARENTS.

Your great-grandparents were Abram Ashby and Elizabeth Hoheimer. They came from Kentucky and settled in Indiana in 1828. Abram was the oldest son of Thompson Ashby and Lettice Van Meter. Your great-grandparents were married in 1816, and their children as has been stated were my father and Uncle Thompson. Abram died in 1846 and Elizabeth in 1878. She was then ninety-five years old. She visited us in Iowa when I was yet a small boy and hence my memory of her is imperfect. I remember her as a sprightly old lady, slender and straight as an Indian.

YOUR GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS.

Abram Ashby's father and mother were Thompson Ashby and Lettice (nee Van Meter) Ashby. Thompson Ashby came from Virginia. I feel confident that he was a son or grandson of the John Ashby I have previously mentioned and to whom I will give some space later. He came to Kentucky in time for the bloody Indian warfare of those days, in which the renegade Simon Girty led the

Indians against the settlers, and served under Col. Clark in the expedition against Old Fort Vincennes. He was killed by being crushed by a horse. There were ten children born of this marriage. After Thompson's death Lettice determined to remove to Indiana. This was in 1828. And so she came to Indiana bringing all of her children and their families with her. There was the eldest, your great-grandfather Abram and his wife Elizabeth and their two sons, Thompson and William, and there were her other sons Bladen, Silas, Thompson, Milton and James, and her daughters Nancy, Mary and Lettice (of this latter I am not sure).

I take from "Early History of Ladoga," a pamphlet prepared by Mr. W. L. Anderson for the Ladoga Historical Society, the following account of the Ashby family in and about Ladoga.

"THE ASHBY FAMILY.

In 1772 a girl was born in Virginia who through her descendants wields a larger influence on the life of Ladoga than any other one person who ever lived in Clark Township. When ten years old she came to Kentucky while bloody conflicts were going on between the whites and the Indians, of which she narrates some thrilling incidents through which she passed. Here she married Thompson Ashby, by whom she had ten children. He was killed by a horse and she is left a widow with a house full of children. As they grew up she determined to migrate to a new country, where they all might obtain land. When she was fifty-six years old she came in '28 with all her children and grandchildren to Clark Township, then an unbroken wilderness. She gave to each child enough to buy one hundred and sixty acres, and soon the family

owned about fifteen hundred acres in the township. She settled on a farm now owned by Joel Harshbarger, where she died in '45, in her seventy-sixth year.

From her sprang the large Ashby family about Ladoga. I never knew one of the name who was not her descendant. But it is not my purpose to outline the family, but point out such members as have in any direct way wielded an influence on Ladoga or its vicinity.

Among other things of which the settlers were deprived was the service of physicians. It was a number of years before this community had a resident doctor and when he did come it was hard to persuade many but what old women knew more than he.

Nancy Harrison, daughter of Lettice Ashby, of whom I have been speaking, was by nature a doctor and by practice the most skillful nurse of any woman who ever lived in this community, for in those days the sickness of women and children was left largely in the hands of women. For twenty years she continued in this work, constantly going far and near as her services were needed. It was no light task and only a woman of extraordinary courage and nerves could have done it. To guide a fleet horse along the rude paths of the dense forest in the darkness of the night for many miles where emergencies often called her was something that few women could endure. She had once lived among the Indians in the wild woods and the forest had no terror for her. Trained in rude exercises of the frontier life and being slight in frame and light of body she could leap upon a horse and sit straight as an Indian guide in its wildest gallop. Several old men have told me how, when sent as messengers for her, they found it no easy task to keep their steeds from falling behind hers as they returned. She lived about two miles southeast of La-

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1. How many times did you visit the library?

dog and did not cease her labors until this community was supplied with skillful physicians.

Thompson Ashby, another grandson, from his youth wielded an influence for good in the social, educational and religious life of Ladoga. With his family he spent his declining years here. His sons Robert and William have made their homes with us and while largely entering into the commercial interests of our town have made themselves felt in other useful ways. Such men Ladoga cannot spare. Robert's three sons are associated with him in business. It is probable that William's sons will become part of the business force of the town."

Nancy Harrison, mentioned above, was the wife of Eli Harrison (Uncle Eli, father's uncle, whom I have mentioned as having preceded father to Iowa). They lived seven miles west of us just over in the edge of Clark County. Uncle Eli claimed to be a descendant of the William Henry Harrison (Old Tippecanoe) family. He was a walking encyclopedia of reminiscences and stories and had a wonderful memory for names and faces. His active life from the time I knew him was spent in the chimney corner smoking a corn cob pipe and spinning yarns. He was wonderful company and always welcome.

Aunt Nancy still practiced midwifery and was away from home a great deal. She also loved the chimney corner and her pipe. But she was a fine old lady and efficient. Aunt Polly Harrison was married to John Harrison (Black John, he was called), a cousin of uncle Eli's. They lived east of us in Marion County and had come to Iowa before us. Probably when the Milton Ashby's and Eli Harrison's came. Aunt Polly and Aunt Nancy occasionally visited us together. They kept house for us once and took care of us children while father and mother were back to Indiana on a visit.

Uncle Milton Ashby lived neighbor to uncle Eli. He was a rare old wag and his wife, Aunt Susan, had kissed the Blarney Stone. I remember them chiefly for a bad bull dog they kept.

Two of father's uncles, Thompson Ashby with his family, and James, another brother, had pushed on into Kansas as "free soilers". They settled near Lawrence, I believe.

One of father's Kansas uncles visited us soon after the close of the war and I remember hearing him tell of the raid the guerilla leader, Quantrell, made into Kansas to kill or capture Jim Lane, a forceful leader of the free soil advocates. The raiders came into Lawrence in the early morning and Lane saved himself by hiding in a hog wallow. Ashby was in the field at work when discovered by a guerilla trooper and saved himself from the trooper's revolver by grabbing the horse's tail and swinging on it violently when the trooper turned in the saddle to fire. As the guerillas were then on the retreat, the trooper rode on without stopping to reload.

THE REMOVAL TO IOWA.

It was in April of 1861 that the family set out for its new home in Iowa, that father had bought the year previous. The family at that time consisted of father and mother and their children, Elizabeth, Mary, Abram, John, Thompson, Newton and Luckey. Lewis and Elmer were born in Iowa.

In relating what follows, I give only details as I remember them. I was a child in my fifth year, but a number of things were impressed on my memory. I have said that we started on our journey April 10, 1861. There was a covered wagon mounted on springs in which

mother and we smaller children rode. In addition there were three covered wagons of our own filled with provisions, household provender and machinery. And there was a wagon with Milt Harrison and family. This Milton Harrison was a cousin of father's and a son of uncle Eli. We were delayed in starting because brother John was missing and was only found after some search. He was in hiding, determined to remain behind and not face the terrors of migration into the wilderness. We had a big shaggy Newfoundland dog, Ponto. I saw Ponto chasing a goat through an old deadening. (A deadening was where trees had been girdled to kill them previous to clearing the land.) This was an old deadening and the bark had fallen off leaving the great trees grey and ghostly. I did not know anything about goats and so I craned my neck out from under the canvas expecting to see the goat treed. I recall that one night we were greatly in fear of horse thieves and kept a watch all night. I recall piles of great rails at all the broad sloughs, which were many, to enable the unfortunate mover who got mired to pry his wagon out of the mud. We were so well equipped in horses that we had no trouble but often stopped long enough to help less fortunate travellers.

When we came opposite Burlington the Mississippi was out of its banks so far that we could not reach the ferry dock on the Illinois side, and so had to go down the river to Shockacon. I remember it as a straggling, dirty village, crowded with movers' wagons waiting to cross to the Iowa side. I remember seeing two brawny men fighting in the streets. When the ferry boat came to the dock and the bars were opened, the crowding and shouting of the teamsters were terrifying. Each one was anxious to get across without delay and there was not room enough for all upon the ferry. Cousin Milt was a timid man and

allowed himself to be bluffed and jockeyed out of line, and did not get across until the next day. Hence we had to wait on the Iowa side for him to arrive.

YOUR UNCLE TOM'S STORY.

(I asked your Uncle Thompson (Tom) to write me his reminiscences and the following is his very interesting story:)

"It has been so long since I have thought much about our trip to Iowa that I don't remember a great deal about it.

We left on the tenth day of April, 1861. I was seven years old two days before we started. We started about nine in the morning, I think, made a short drive and stayed over night with relatives in Crawfordsville. The next day we made another short drive into Tippecanoe County where we stayed over night with aunt Zarilda and uncle Ike Martin, mother's stepsister.

From there we started full blast for Iowa under a full head of canvas. I think it was the next day that Milt Harrison and his wife and children joined us. They had been on a visit to Indiana and were going back to Iowa.

There were five teams in our wagon train. Father had hired two men to come with us. Levi Martin and Frank Dickeson. They each drove a wagon and besides the wagons we had a large covered spring wagon in which mother, the girls and some of the smaller children rode. Some of the bigger boys rode in the wagons most of the time.

I don't remember much about the trip through Indiana. It was very rainy and the roads were deep with mud. In some places we had miles of corduroy road, which made rough traveling. We crossed the Wabash

river at Covington. The river was out of its banks. We drove through water some distances before we reached the bridge and also after we crossed it.

I had never thought there could be so much water. I do not know how wide it may have been but in my remembrance it seems miles wide.

As we got into Illinois we began to see soldiers drilling in the town we passed through. First we saw the "Home Guards" and later companies of regular soldiers. Decatur was the first large town that I remember passing through in Illinois. There were several companies organized there and they were drilling. They had guns with bayonets which impressed us boys very much. I thought almost all the people in the world were gathered together in those companies of soldiers and didn't see how there could be any left to fight for the South.

We came to the Vermilion river one day early in the afternoon. We had had a very hard rain the night before. The river was much too high to ford and the people told us the bridge wasn't safe to cross, so we went into camp. The next morning the river was some lower. Some men came along and tried fording it. Their wagons were washed about badly and as we didn't want to get our goods wet the men decided to test the bridge. Father and Milt Harrison and the rest of the men walked across the bridge and shook it about and finally decided they would try it with one wagon. One man walked across and stood ready to catch the team which was started from our side of the river. As the team arrived without accident, a rope was attached to the end of a wagon tongue and the team that was on the opposite bank hitched to the rope and the wagon was pulled across. Then the other wagons and teams crossed in the same way. The people in our party all walked across. Our motto was "Safety First."

The next large town that I remember was Bloomington. We couldn't make a straight line in our trip as we had to make for the towns where we could cross the rivers. I think we struck the Illinois river at Pekin. Then we followed the river up to Peoria where there was a bridge and crossed there. From Peoria we went to Knoxville and from Knoxville to Monmouth and from there to Oquaka, (See my memory of this.—N. B. A.) seven miles above Burlington to find a landing. As there was no bridge, a steam ferry boat was using in crossing. They landed us at Burlington about five in the afternoon, that is the first section.

The second section was landed about eight in the evening and was met and taken out to the camp the first party had made just west of Burlington.

The next morning father left us and took the stage and hurried ahead of us to Lucas County. He had paid \$1000 on the place and the balance was due the first day of May. The roads were very muddy and heavy and he thought it would be impossible to make it through in time with the wagons.

From Burlington we followed the stage coach route going through Mt. Pleasant, Fairfield and Ottumwa. There was no bridge at Ottumwa so we had to go up the river to Eddyville to get across the Des Moines river. The next town was Albia and the next Chariton. Father came back to meet us and joined us near the place where Russell now stands. We had just gone into camp.

The next morning we came through Chariton, drove on to White Breast where we stopped and ate dinner. After dinner we drove to Tallahoma, stopped and bought groceries and arrived at our new home at about five on the afternoon of May third. There was some tall hollering done when we got there. Milt Harrison and

family went over to old uncle Eli's (his father's) that evening. While we were getting supper ready Mr. Danner and Mr. Pedigo came to see us and so we began to get acquainted with our new neighbors. (See note on neighbors.)

We had a large one room log house. It had a loft and pegs driven into the wall for a stairway. That fall father had a stairway built and the house plastered. The next year he added one or two rooms or rather built a connecting room between our house and another log cabin which stood near by but was in bad condition.

After this we had the largest house in the neighborhood, and partly because of this and partly because of our parents' hospitality we entertained most of the preachers and other prominent people who happened into our neighborhood.

There was a school house on our land just west of the old home where we had three months school in winter and three in summer. As time passed, more people arrived in our community and the prairie began to settle up.

The winter of '63 and '64 was one of the coldest we ever had and the people suffered a good many hardships from the severe weather.

Father and a man by the name of Parrish had a large drove of cattle that we were wintering. They arrived at our place between Christmas and New Years. We had one of the worst storms about this time that I ever knew. Our roads were drifted full from the top of one rail fence to the other. They used ox teams to haul shock corn to the cattle for feed. A man named Jake Camerine, whom father had hired to help with the feeding, froze his feet so badly that some of his toes came off.

We boys used to invite the neighbor boys in to help break the steers to work. We had great times at that.

We had to go to Tallahoma for our mail until about '67. We went for the mail every day during the war and usually did afterward but were not quite so anxious after the war closed. One person would bring mail for the entire neighborhood. It was usually distributed from our place. I think the Norwood post office was established in 1867 and as you know it was at our home and was named by mother. (See my note on this.—N. B. A.) Betty had named our place "Prairie Home," but after the Norwood post office was established that name was not much used.

The Norwood M. E. church was built in '67. Father donated the land for the church and the same church is still standing although remodeled considerably before now. The railroad reached Chariton in '68. Before the railroad reached us we drove our stock to Eddyville or Burlington or Keokuk.

Of the two men who came to Iowa with us, Frank Dickenson had promised to stay with us a year but he got "war fever" and only stayed a few days after we arrived. Levi Martin and he both went back to Indiana and enlisted in the army there. They were both taken prisoner. Dickenson was never heard of afterwards. Martin lost his left arm and was captured. He was in two southern prisons and was almost a skeleton when exchanged. He recovered his health however and after the war was over he visited us in Iowa. He served as county treasurer in Montgomery County, Indiana, for a number of years. (He was a son of Uncle Ike and Zarilda Martin.—N. B. A.)

From the time we came to Iowa until after the close of the war was an exciting time. So many of the young men enlisted in the army that the scarcity of able-bodied men made us fear an attack from the "bushwhackers" who were active in Missouri. The Republicans had an

It was not in the least a surprise to me that the
the same day for the first time in my life I
saw the old Governor of the State of New York
the way of the world. I was not at all surprised
the neighborhood. It was a very pleasant
place. I think the Governor's house was
in fact one of the best in the State. It was
a very good one. The house was on the
top of a hill. The house was very
large and very comfortable. The house was
very well kept. The house was very
pleasant. The house was very comfortable.

The Governor of the State of New York
was a very good man. He was a very
pleasant man. He was a very comfortable
man. He was a very well kept man. He
was a very pleasant man. He was a very
comfortable man. He was a very well kept
man. He was a very pleasant man. He was
a very comfortable man. He was a very well
kept man. He was a very pleasant man. He
was a very comfortable man. He was a very
well kept man. He was a very pleasant man.

Of the two men who were in the house with
the Governor, the one was a very good man.
The other was a very pleasant man. The
Governor was a very comfortable man. He
was a very well kept man. He was a very
pleasant man. He was a very comfortable
man. He was a very well kept man. He was
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comfortable man. He was a very well kept
man. He was a very pleasant man. He was
a very comfortable man. He was a very well
kept man. He was a very pleasant man. He
was a very comfortable man. He was a very
well kept man. He was a very pleasant man.

organization called the Union League. They held their meeting secretly at the homes of the members and met once a week. The Democrats, whom we considered Southern sympathizers, called their organization the Knights of the Golden Circle. There was strong feeling on both sides.

One Fourth of July, I think it was '63, we celebrated in what we called the Lamb Grove. Gov. Stone was the speaker of the day and during his speech a man named Nels Case cheered for Jeff Davis. Then you bet there was real excitement. They gathered round him and I think he would have stretched hemp if it had not been for a few of the older men. Mrs. Wells said if any one would give her a gun, she would shoot him. One man, home on a furlough, gave her one and she would probably have used it but others took the gun away from her. Case was one scared man. The older men felt they were averting a neighborhood war from which no good could come and much harm was certain to follow.

I must not forget to tell you of one incident of our trip to Iowa. One night we camped somewhere in Illinois. I'm not sure where. We were told that there were horse thieves in that vicinity. Father had some very good horses so when two men came into our camp and were very friendly and interested in our horses we were suspicious. Our men got out their guns of which they had quite a number and started target practice. One of the men was a crack shot and the others not bad. They made quite a flourish with their fire arms. Either the strangers were frightened by our military display or were not what we suspected for although some one stood guard all night nothing came of it and our horses were not molested."

T. D. Ashby.

THE FAMILY IN IOWA.

When we reached Iowa, the family consisted of father and mother and the children: Elizabeth, Mary, Abram, John, Thompson, Newton, and Luckey. Lewis was born in September following our arrival, and Elmer was born in 1866. The new home was a single room log house about 18 by 20 or 24. The logs were about eight inches square, squared by broad-axe, built up pen fashion and notched at the ends so as to make a comparatively tight fit. Crevices were closed by driving in wedges of wood, and the seams between the logs were calked with clay. The door was at the west end of the house, and the east end was taken up by a huge fire place. This was the only means of heating and cooking except I believe there was a brick oven for baking out-doors. The house was a single story with a third pitch roof. A loose floor of rough boards separated the attic from the room below. It was the sleeping room for the boys of the family and was reached by pegs driven in the wall. We had lots of room. There were only nine of us in the family and two hired men. The Edwards family from whom father bought the place had fourteen in the family and always had spare room for entertaining a traveller or friend. Trundle beds were then in fashion. They were beds on short legs that could be trundled under the larger bed during the day.

Father had a regular floor laid overhead, a stairway built, and had the house plastered inside. It was a most comfortable house and it was most unfortunate when it burned down. In 1862 father bought another log house standing unused on a neighboring farm, had it moved and set up about sixteen feet west of our other log house. Then he had the two houses connected by building a room

[illegible]

between. This was constructed by brick between the studding, weather boarding outside, and plaster within. The west room now became the kitchen and dining room. It was a large room and was equipped with a cook stove. The middle room became the living room, and the original house was devoted more and more to sleeping purposes. We were now by far the best equipped family in the neighborhood for room.

We were sixty miles from the railroad. The Q. road then had its terminus at Ottumwa and did not come through our county until 1867 or 1868. Hence we were largely dependent upon our own resources. There were thousands of sheep in southern Iowa during the war period. Every farmer had his flock. Woolen mills for carding wool and preparing yarn were numerous. Every family had its own spinning wheel for preparing yarn. The women folks knit all the stockings and mittens for the family and usually made all the clothing out of homespun which was woven in the neighborhood. Most of the shoes were made by neighborhood cobblers who also did the repairing. Shoes in that day had to last, and hence were often resoled many times. There were also flour and grist mills. The custom was to take the wheat or corn to the mill and wait for it to be ground. The miller took an agreed portion of the unground grain for his toll, and the owner of the grist got the balance including the bran and middlings. I remember going with father to mill once over on the Chariton river. We stayed all night with the miller and got our grist in time to get home about nightfall the next day. It was not uncommon for a man to go to mill on horseback, carrying his bag of grain before him on the saddle.

The community was cooperative. Men turned out for miles around to assist at house and barn raisings. Enough

farmers joined together to harvest and thresh without hired help. One reaping machine served several farms. Threshing time was a sort of festival time for the neighborhood. The neighborhood women came in to help in the kitchen and the dinner tables groaned under the load of viands. We had some harvest customs then that have gone out of use. One of the necessary appurtenances of harvest was a boy on a horse as water boy. He made the round of the field meeting the binders as they came. Another feature were the bundle carriers. Two boys not yet able to make a hand at binding were allotted this task. It was their business to carry together 12 bundles for each shock. They had to be piled six on each side with the butts turned toward the center and space left sufficient for the shock. We depended in a large measure upon sorgham molasses for our sweetening, and the cane mill was a common farm accessory. Sorghum making with its taffy pulling parties afforded another round of neighborhood gaieties. Then there was an occasional corn husking party. Revival meetings were held in the school house and the community turned out in such numbers that the house was crowded to almost suffocation. There was a mourner's bench up in front where the penitents knelt. Often exhortations had to be made to the crowd, "Not to crowd the mourners." The school house was the neighborhood meeting place for all gatherings until later on when the Methodists built a church on our farm. And a little later the United Brethren built a church a mile north of the M. E. church.

My first memory of our new home in Iowa was the big road in front of our house, we were on the north side of the state road between Chariton and Des Moines, and on one of the main travelled roads for emigrants bound for Kansas and Nebraska. This road ran east and west

for a mile and was fenced upon both sides except the 40 acres in front of our house. Looking out over this open space the prairie stretched away for miles to the south, southwest and southeast, broken only here and there by a solitary farmstead. It is this impression of solitary vastness that I still retain of pioneer Iowa. Later I came to know intimately every phase of that prairie's landscape, first as a herder of sheep on foot and later as a herder of cattle on horseback. The farms on the north side of the road were continuous and after father had fenced the open prairie on the south, the road was a lane with a high worm rail fence on each hand and higher than a tall man's head. After a great storm in winter this lane was packed full of snow piled high above the stakes which held the fence together and supported the riders. (Such a fence was called a stake and rider fence. It was a worm fence built six rails high, stakes set in the ground and crossed over the intersecting corners and then two heavy rails called riders built up in the crotch.) The drifting of the roads full of snow was of frequent occurrence for the great storms of winter came rolling down from the Dakotas with no windbreaks to check their violence, and a storm would sometimes last three days before it blew itself out. As long as the snow remained packed and frozen teams and sleds went over the drifts and roadways without respect to fences. It was only when the thaws set in that it was necessary to open the roads. When the road was opened it was then a lane between high banks of snow.

A ludicrous incident happened at one of these times when fences were drifted under. The Creighton Brothers owned the farm on the east of us. They kept a great bunch of mules. We had a great acreage of corn in the shock in the fields. The mules crossed over the fences

and were doing great damage. Father was away from home. The Creightons were rather overbearing and selfish. They paid no attention to our complaints. Finally our hired men rounded up the mules into a great log stable we had, barred them so close together with poles that they could not kick and then proceeded to plait old tin buckets and cans into their tails. When they were turned out they stampeded kicking with both heels at every jump. They ran themselves down before they stopped. The Creightons took the matter good naturedly, and said they couldn't drive the mules toward our fields afterwards.

This log stable served as it were as our work shop. Our place was one of the feed yards for Parrish and Ashby. The feed was shock corn, and was hauled daily from the shocks in the field to the feed yard. Ox teams were used entirely in the feeding operations. Your uncles and myself usually aided by John and Luther Danner and John and Judge Pedigo put in our leisure time in breaking steers to work. It was as exciting as the modern broncho busting. We had a team of gentle old oxen—Dick and Lion—Lion was an immense beast—probably weighed 1700 or 1800 pounds. Our method of operation was to choose a wild, quick stepping three or four year old steer, get him into the stable alongside of Dick or Lion and build him in tight, then get them yoked together, tie their tails together, this latter to prevent the wild ox from turning the yoke, and turn them out. It was remarkable how quickly old Lion could yank a wild steer into a decent work animal. As soon as the steer was reduced to some measure of discipline, a second steer to mate the first was put through the first degree, then the two were yoked together with Dick and Lion in front. After this team was graduated, they were made leaders

and put in front. In this way we kept up a plentiful supply of work oxen and had a world of fun, sometimes bordering on the dangerous.

I have promised to tell you about the *modus operandi* of cattle feeding in these early days. The railroad terminus was at Ottumwa, 60 miles distant. There was no market for corn except to the cattle feeders. Father's and Parrish's plan, and I believe all feeders followed a similar procedure, was to choose a location where there was abundance of water (at our place was a great never failing spring) buy all the corn in the neighborhood in a circumference about the feed yard as far as it could be hauled profitably from the shock, and have it cut up in September and put in shocks. The cattle were fed on the ground in open yards and hogs enough to clean up the waste followed the cattle. The shock corn was hauled by ox teams from the field to the feed yard. The men who did the feeding suffered almost unendurable hardships in severe winter weather as we had none of the modern methods of protecting feet and bodies from the storm. I have seen great holes in the feet of the feeder mentioned by your uncle Tom where the flesh had sloughed off because of frost. When the feed was fed up, the herds of cattle and hogs were moved to the next station, and so on until they were ready for market when they were driven the sixty miles or more to the nearest railway shipping point.

Your Uncle Tom speaks of the cold winter of 1863 and '64. The day before New Years of 1864 the herd of 150 to 200 feed steers accompanied by a great drove of hogs reached our place. They arrived late in the afternoon of a balmy day like April. The herds were scarcely in the yards when a blizzard struck from the northwest almost as sudden as one could clap his hands. We had

huge stack yards of hay—all that could be done was to open the fences about the stack yards and let the stock shift for themselves. That night and the next day was one of the stormiest and coldest southern Iowa has ever known. There were ten or twelve men with the herd and next morning all turned out to make the stock as comfortable as possible. They were out not more than an hour and everyone came in more or less frost bitten.

Our winter sports outside of steer breaking, consisted chiefly of snow balling and sleigh riding. Our favorite method of sleigh riding was to fasten one bob-sled behind another and fill the two sleds with the young folks of the neighborhood. The boxes were well filled with straw in which we sat with warm blankets drawn over our laps. The most popular driver was the one who could make the most overturns in the drifts.

In the spring we went swimming and fishing in the Otter creek. The fish were an occasional mud cat, but chiefly Red Horse. If we caught a fish more than 6 inches long he was a whopper. The swimming was confined to late spring and early summer, because the water became stagnant and covered with a green scum soon after hot weather set in. After a freshet when the Otter creek got on a rampage and spread out over its bottoms, as usually happened every spring, we would take our horses and swim them across the creek and through the bayous. It was a dangerous and fool business, but we had fool's luck, and no one of us or the neighbor boys ever came to harm.

There was quite a little settlement when we arrived, and mostly very fine people of the best pioneer sort. There were James and Wm. Busselle, brothers from Tennessee, Mr. Danner, J. G. Woodward, a very well educated man, who sometimes taught our district school, Wm. Pedigo and the Dad Wells family. A little after

our arrival, came the Ferguson family who had bought out the Creightons on our east, and the Conrad and Uncle Tommy Wallace families who had been living in Mahaska county. Wm. Miller came later. A mile north of us was Wm. Pennington and a brother and in the timber west the Young family. Among other old settlers of the township were the Edwards, the Lambs, and Kecklers. In the timber along the creeks were some squatters not regarded as of very high repute. John and Judge Pedigo, John and Luther Danner and Roland Harris, an orphan boy, made up our list of early cronies. Later we added the Wallace boys, Oscar, George, Will and John and Fitch Conrad. It was with this crowd of boys we fished and swam, broke steers, swam horses in the creek, raced horses on occasion and sleigh rode in winter, and had a most healthful, robust, happy time. It is a coincidence that John Ashby, John Pedigo and John Wallace, each died as a young man when just in their twentieth year.

In speaking of neighbors, Wm. Pedigo was a genius. He was a carpenter capable of first class work and of inventive turn of mind. But he was of a restless mind. He was fond of telling that he had journeyed back and forward between Iowa and Indiana so often that he could borrow corn meal anywhere on the road with the promise of repaying on his return in the spring. He took down the great wooden and upright saw mill on the Whitebreast eight miles away, moved it and put it up on our farm for a barn. It still stands. It is a two story frame building, the main building 60 feet long and 22 feet wide. The posts and girders are of oak and black walnut from 18 to 24 inches square, squared with a broad ax, all tongued, mortised, braced and pinned together. The whole country turned out for our barn raising.

Old Dad Wells was a character of his own kind. He

was the father of 24 children and before his death had his fourth wife. Another character was Solomon Carmichael. Everyone called him Sod, and his family was known as the Sod family—Johnny Sod, Martha Sod, etc. He was a little man, very excitable and nervous, but a good man. He was the neighborhood stacker of grains despite the fact that he was in almost nervous collapse from the time the stack got above the bulge until it was finished and he upon terra firma again. He was passing a house one day when he was bitten by a dog. Unfortunately for Sod's peace of mind the dog was poisoned the night following. The owner was a rather boisterous hard swearing man and a great lover of his dogs of which he kept a number. He claimed that Sod had poisoned the dog, and swore he would shoot him on sight. Sod was in a state of mind for several days much like Spark Plug's Heebie Jeebies.

The school house was on our land only 40 rods from our house. It was a plain frame building with three windows on a side, and heated by a wood stove that stood in the middle of the room. For many years only the older children had desks, and that really only for writing. The smaller children sat on puncheon benches without backs and so high that their feet could not touch the floor. Our school district was 2 miles by 3 and hence some of the children had to walk 4 and 5 miles. It was only in the most severe winter weather when snow was deep or drifted that people thought it necessary to drive to school with the children. Your uncle Luckey and I and two girls of about our own age—I think I was 9 that summer, made up the total attendance at one spring and summer term. The big boys and girls only attended school in winter—first a 12 weeks' term and later 16 weeks. The school ages ranged from 5 to 18 or 20 and

hence the same teacher had from primary to the most advanced classes. Most attention was given to reading, writing and arithmetic, and later on algebra for those who wished it. However, I went in 1874 from our district school to the Chariton High School and was able to classify as Senior B, corresponding to the present Junior, but of course our high school curriculums were not then so spread as to require a little smatter of the universe.

Our school sports were simple like our studies. We played base, fox and geese and town ball. Town ball is sort of simplified base ball. It was our favorite sport. In winter when the snow was soft we built snow forts and fought battles. Our sports were democratic and were planned to include all the children of the school. Head lice and itch were almost universal afflictions. There was no time that there was not some child in the school infected with lice and itch. The fine tooth comb was a necessary part of the household equipment and the mother who was particular about what her children had in their heads needed to use it daily. Some children wore bags with asafoetida about their necks as a charm against itch and colds. Gum chewing was in fashion. It was a wax gathered from the resin weed, and was more lasty than our present commercial variety. We did not know anything about the germ theory then and the children often swapped cuds. When the child got tired of chewing, the gum was stuck on the under side of the seat for the next day's use, and anyone finding it was welcome to chew until tired, provided the cud was replaced.

The study of greatest emulation was spelling. A spelling match was one of the features of every Friday afternoon. Spelling matches at the school house of an evening was of frequent occurrence. The different schools in the township issued challenges to each other and the

crack spellers of each school were pitted against each other in most exciting contests. A champion speller was almost as distinguished as a modern football hero. We usually organized a literary society each winter which met weekly. The debate was its chief feature. George Washington Keckler, a debater *sui generis*, was our most spectacular debater and had a rough eloquence very entertaining. He chewed tobacco, and when excited in debate would toss back his head and expectorate over his shoulder. His audience were careful to keep beyond the moist zone. It was said of one of our ambassadors to Paris that he was chiefly distinguished for being a dead shot at a spittoon. Wash could have qualified, but his special target was a red hot stove.

THE PRAIRIE.

I can not describe to you the charm of the prairie. It always had a charm whether it was the ripple of wind over the green grass or a lazy autumn day windless and the air glistening with suspended webs of gossamer, and the prairie like molten gold with resin weed blossoms and golden rod. The season round from May to October brought its flowers so that the prairie was continually decked as for a fete. In June the field lily was everywhere. About the edge of the hazel thickets we gathered orchids. In the autumn after killings frosts came the prairie fires. You may have seen attempts to reproduce a prairie fire in the movies, but it isn't the real thing any more than representations of the eruptions of Vesuvius put on at our State Fair. You saw an arc of fire coming on over a front of two or three miles. As the fire gathers headway it creates its own driving power by the suction of cold air pouring into the heated area. It moves very

stately over the hill where the grass is short, then it comes on like a race horse when it strikes the low ground with tall grass. The whole heavens are aflame and the darkest night is alight like mid-day. A plowed fire break unless very wide affords very little protection from a great prairie fire because the burning grass is lapped up and carried forward by long leaps. The only safe protection was the back fire. As soon as a prairie fire was seen approaching the settlement every available man and boy turned out to fight fire. All the sloughs then had plenty of water in the deep holes. We filled a bag with grass, dipped into a water hole, and then the back fires were started and as the firer ran along with his torch the wet bag was dragged behind the line of defense while others followed to beat out any fire that crossed over this dead line. When the advance of the fire was not too rapid we came off easy victors, but at other times after hours of fighting we came off hot, and with faces blackened and scorched.

Hazel nut bushes grew everywhere on the rough land, and produced abundantly. Most of these valuable nut bearing bushes have been ruthlessly destroyed. If I owned rough land in southern Iowa today I would encourage the hazel nut growth and expect a fair revenue from the nut crop. There were abundance of black walnut trees along the Otter creek bottoms, and wild plums and blackberries grew wherever a little protection offered. Crab apples were abundant and served in place of apples. Gathered and put in pit over winter, they came out in the spring golden yellow and mellow. I am fond to this day of an occasional crab apple.

The prairies were covered with thousands of prairie chickens. In the spring the mornings resounded with the boomings of the cock birds as they ruffled their plum-

age and strutted to and fro. In the fall after the corn was in the shock they were so plentiful as to be destructive and were shot and trapped beyond the needs for food. Indeed prairie chicken was not a rare dinner delicacy then for a hunter could shoot in an hour more birds than he could carry. Rabbits were plentiful, fox squirrels were found in the woods rather sparingly, and there were wild turkeys. There were a few wolves but not enough to be destructive to any great extent. Old Jim Nyswanger, a hard drinking Dutchman who was our greatest nimrod boasted of an occasional deer. I remember joining in a wolf hunt one night when we caught five coons but had no luck with wolves. One night when there was to be an eclipse of the moon at three o'clock A. M., some half dozen boys of us went wild turkey hunting in order to be sure and see the eclipse. We saw the eclipse and bagged one turkey.

YOUR AUNTS AND UNCLES.

I have given in previous pages a list of your aunts and uncles and now I will take them up in the order of age and give a brief history of each.

I. Elizabeth Lutz (Betty) was named Elizabeth for her Grandmother Ashby and Lutz was a family name from mother's side of the family among whom were Lutzes, Luckeys, Graybills, Wolfleys, etc. She was born in Indiana in 1846 and married John Yenowine in 1866. John had come out to Iowa from near our old neighborhood in Indiana to teach our school. John and Betty first settled in Illinois, returned to Iowa after a couple of years and after two or three years in Iowa again returned to Illinois and settled on a farm near Kansas, where Betty died in 1872. She was buried at Kansas, Illi-

nois. Four children were born of this marriage: William, Cora, Florence and Robert.

- (a) William, born in Illinois, in 1867, lives at Hume, is married and has one son, Robert.
- (b) Cora, born in Iowa, lives at Hume; is married to Charles Tucker and has two children, Glenn and Gladys Elizabeth.
- (c) Florence has never married. She lives at Hume with her second mother.
- (d) Robert died in Chicago, Illinois, following a mastoid operation. He left a widow and one daughter, Bertha, now married to Walter Brisco of Hume. His widow has since remarried.

Mother brought Florence and Robert home with her following Betty's death and they lived with us until after father's death in 1875. John Yenowine had remarried and took the children to his own home soon after father's death. John died at Hume in 1918, leaving a widow and five children, the issue of the second marriage.

II. Mary was born in 1848 and christened Mary Catherine Hedges after mother's sister, Aunt Kate. She married William Long of Indianola in 1874. Mr. Long died at Indianola in 1902.

Three children were born to them:

- (a) George W., who lives at Indianola, is married to Mable Oaks. They have two children: Geraldine and Mary.
- (b) Jesse Ashby, who lives on the old farm homestead near Indianola. He is married to Margaret Smith. They have no children.
- (c) Regina, with whom your aunt Mary makes her home, lives in Portland, Oregon, and is married

to Cloyd Rauch. They have three children: Mary Ashby, Cloyd Jr., and Marjorie.

Mr. Long was a widower with two daughters, Ella and Bushie—when Mary married him.

(a) Ella married a Mr. Walters. They live in Los Angeles, California, and have two daughters, Nellie and Mamie.

(b) Bushie lives at Carlisle, Iowa. She is married to Arthur Owens and has a family of four children, Mable, George, Guy and Frederick.

III. Abe was christened Abram Crawford, the Abram for his grandfather Ashby. He was born in 1850 and died at Bristol, Tennessee of pneumonia in January of 1922. Abe married Elizabeth Childers in 1880. Three children were born to them. Robert, born in Iowa in 1882 and Cloe and Fern born in Nebraska. Abe moved to Nebraska in 1883 and settled near Genoa. Lizzie died in March of 1905.

(a) Robert lives at Cincinnati, Ohio, where he has charge of the U. S. Government stock yard inspection. He is married, having married Marguerite Waldorf in 1910. They have no children.

(b) Cloe lives at Broken Bow, Nebraska. She is married to Ray S. Kuns, a banker there. They have twin children, Robert Ashby and Jean Elizabeth.

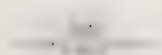
(c) Fern died of diphtheria at Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1916. She was unmarried and a teacher.

Abe married Katie Walker in 1909. Shortly after this he sold his farm in Nebraska and removed to Tennessee where Katie owned a small farm. Two children were born to them: Mary and William. They live with their mother at Bristol.

IV. John was christened John Boyer after mother's brother John Boyer. He died in 1870 of pneumonia, and is buried in the Eli Harrison cemetery in Clark county.

V. Tom (T. D.) was christened Thompson David—the Thompson for uncle Thompson Ashby and the David for uncle David Hostetter. He was born in Indiana in 1854 and lives at Lucas, Iowa, where he is engaged in buying and shipping live stock. He married in 1880 Lydia Lel Pfrimmer. They have nine children:

- (a) Edith lives at Pompey's Pillar, Montana. She is married to Robert Matthewson. They have four children: Anna Lel, Robert, Alexander Thompson and Edith Vera.
- (b) Ola is married to John Primm. They live on the Primm old farm homestead near Norwood, Iowa, and have four children: Ardys, Eleanor, Gerald and Anna.
- (c) T. D. lives at Chariton, Iowa, and is married to Lura Fight. They are childless.
- (d) George lives on a farm near Norwood, Iowa. He has been married twice. His first wife, Ada Pennington was a granddaughter of Wm. Pennington who was among the earliest of the pioneers in our neighborhood. She died of "flu" during the plague of 1918. No children were born of this union. He took for his second wife a widow, Edith Vawter. Two children have been born to them: Ardys and Margaret.
- (e) Nina is married to Warren Hanks. They live at Osceola, Iowa, and are childless.
- (f) Lydia lives at Verndale, Minnesota, the wife of Clinton Sowder. They have one child, Margretta.



IV. John (1877) was educated at the University of California, Berkeley, and the University of Chicago. He died in 1912 at the age of 35.

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IX. John (1877) was educated at the University of California, Berkeley, and the University of Chicago. He died in 1912 at the age of 35.

X. John (1877) was educated at the University of California, Berkeley, and the University of Chicago. He died in 1912 at the age of 35.

XI. John (1877) was educated at the University of California, Berkeley, and the University of Chicago. He died in 1912 at the age of 35.

- (g) William lives at Chariton. He married Myrle Mitchell. They have two children, Robert Mitchell and Thompson David.
- (h) Charles is unmarried and lives with his father and mother at Lucas.
- (i) Olin lives in Lucas, Iowa, is married to Grace Colwell and has no children.

VI. Newt, christened Newton Beniah, born in 1856, married in 1888 Harriet Estelle Wallace. Five children:

- (a) William Wallace born at Des Moines, in 1890, lives at Meadowlands, Minnesota, married to Mary Little. They have four children: Mary Harriet, Wallace Little, William Clark and Nancy Chamberlain. Wallace served abroad in 304 Engineers as Captain.
- (b) Helen, born 1892 at Cedar Rapids, lives at Fitchbury, Massachusetts, wife of James G. Simmons, a physician. No children.
- (c) Nannette, born at Dublin, Ireland, in 1897, at home.
- (d) Newton Bruce (Bruce) born at Des Moines in 1900, is with J. Walter Thompson Advertising Company, New York City.
- (e) Genevieve, born at Des Moines in 1903, at home.

VII. Luck christened George Luckey was born in Indiana in 1858. The Luckey was for mother's half brother Luckey Hostetter and was a family name. He married Emma Gray in 1882. Six children were born to them, all born on the old home farm at Norwood.

- (a) Ethel, who lives in Lovington, Des Moines. She is married to Benj. G. Keyte. They have three children: Helen, Gordon and Kenneth.

141. William Allen and Robert H. Allen
142. Allen and Robert H. Allen
143. Allen and Robert H. Allen
144. Allen and Robert H. Allen
145. Allen and Robert H. Allen
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179. Allen and Robert H. Allen
180. Allen and Robert H. Allen

- (b) Catherine who is married to J. W. Wallace, a grandson of uncle Thomas Wallace one of our pioneer settlers. They live in Des Moines and have three children: Wayne, Martelle and Virginia.
- (c) Jesse is married to Georgia Bond. They live at Des Moines and have four children: Gordon, Charles Luckey, Glenna and Richard.
- (d) Nellie lives at Taft, Texas, and is married to E. Irl Crow. They have no living children.
- (e) Lewis lies at Chariton, Iowa. He is married to Florence Harmon. They have two children: Lewis Jr., and Willis Luckey.
- (f) Dorothy lives at Oden, Texas, and is married to Weber Pool. They have two children: Dorothy Nell and Martha Elizabeth.

Luck sold the old farm home at Norwood and removed to Texas in 1910, on account of Emma's health. She had heart disease. She died there in 1917 and he afterwards married in 1920 Samanthy Hart of Clark County, Iowa. They live part of the time on her farm in Clark County, Iowa, and part of the time at Luck's home in Texas.

VIII. Lewis was christened Lewis Sherman in honor of mother's half brothers Lewis and Sherman Hostetter. He was born on the farm in Iowa in September of 1861. He was never married and is now living at Norwood, Iowa, and runs the general store there, beside growing a few pigs as a diversion. He has a numerous family of nephews and nieces who have adopted him and his candy box.

IX. Elmer was born in 1866 at Norwood. He was christened William Elmer, the William for father. He is

married to Bessie Nine and they live in Des Moines. Ten children have been born to them:

- (a) Ray, living in Des Moines and married to Francis Lewis. One infant son, Ray Junior.
- (b) Ina, living in Kansas City, married to Glen Swanson. One daughter, Ealenor.
- (c) Arthur, at home. A student in Drake University.
- (d) Everett, at home, in Secretarial work.
- (e) Ardis, lives in Des Moines, married to Lloyd Walker. An infant daughter, Evelyn.
- (f) Olive, at home.
- (g) Paul, at home.
- (h) Cathrine, at home.
- (i) Margaret, at home.
- (j) Robert, at home.

YOUR FATHER.

I, your father, was born on a farm near Parkersburg, Montgomery County, Indiana, on July 7, 1856. I was named Newton Beniah. The Newton was for Newton Goodbar, a friend of the family and the Beniah (or Benier as mother called me) was for Uncle Ben Hostetter, a kindly old bachelor stepbrother of mother's. Even as young as I was when we left Indiana, I remember in a dim way that he was a famous friend of wee children with a supply of apples and whistles. I married in 1888. Your mother is Harriett Estelle Wallace. Her father was Henry Wallace and her mother Nancy (nee Cantwell). You each have a copy of "The Generations of the Upright" which gives the Cantwell pedigree. Then each of you were old enough to remember your grandmother Wallace. I need not dwell upon your grandfather Henry Wallace. You knew him and knew how great a place

he filled in Iowa for many years. I believe also that your cousin Henry A. Wallace, is preparing a genealogical tree of the Wallace family. Your grandfather was born in Pennsylvania of parents born in County Antrim, Ireland, and were descendants of the Scot families which colonized Antrim when the rebellious Irish were deported in the 17th century. I am thirteen years older than your mother and was only 20 years younger than your grandfather Wallace, and hence experienced much of the same sort of life that he recounts in his letters to his "Great Grandchildren." He need not have gone beyond his grandchildren for the world you are now enjoying seems centuries removed from the pioneer days such as your grandfather and I, as well, knew.

I began my active life as a sheep herder. As soon as I could be trusted to ride a horse, I was promoted to cattle herd. In the days of the war, sheep were numerous in southern Iowa. But in a few years they had been almost entirely replaced by cattle. I think sheep diseases, especially scab was responsible. The prairies were free to whoever desired to graze them, and cattle doubtless offered less risk and trouble than sheep as sheep required a herder to protect them. Cattle could run at will as settlers were required to protect their farms by fences. It was only those who had a considerable herd of cattle who herded, and the duty of the herder was to see that the herd did not separate and some of them wander away, and also to protect the hay land. In the early years in Iowa, people were dependent on the wild grass for winter hay. Blue stem was abundant on the uplands and no finer hay has ever been grown. It was the custom to choose a fine upland blue stem meadow for the hay land and guard it from the grazing herds. I began riding early. The post office was established on our farm in 1866. Be-

fore that we got our mail at Tallahoma, five miles southeast of us on the post road between Chariton and Osceola. Long before the post office was located on our farm I was riding to Tallahoma for the mail. A little later on your Uncle Tom and I became the "Bronco Busters" of the neighborhood. We broke most of the colts to ride.

I was an omnivorous reader from early years, and was accustomed to get up about four o'clock in the morning during the winter, in order to have some time to read before the rest of the family were astir and the duties of the day began. This habit of early rising has remained with me. I early formed the resolution to have an education beyond that offered by the district school. In the fall of 1874 father arranged for me to attend the high school at Chariton. I was enabled to enter what now corresponds to the Junior class. My high school education was terminated in the following spring by father's sudden death. I have spoken previously of the financial reverses father suffered at the close of the war. At the time of his death there was still considerable indebtedness. A council was called of the family and our creditors. We had 360 acres of unincumbered land, full equipment for working the farm and considerable stock. The question was whether to sell, pay the debts and divide the balance or hold together. Our creditors were very kind and considerate. They proposed that if we would hold together and keep the place intact we could renew father's notes without mortgage security and have a reasonable time in which to meet our engagements. We adopted this plan and named your Uncle Abe manager.

It was 1878 before I was again able to take up my educational project. Meanwhile I had taught district school a little. I will relate one incident to give you some idea of school conditions. I went one day to meet the school

board of a neighboring district as an applicant to
the same school. There were two other young men
present. The committee were very
friendly to me. The district school was
in the care of a white woman for the last
I visited in the fall of 1871. I had a
difficult time at Indian. I had a
very good school. Although I was there
some years more were present. I visited
frequently and have a fine school. I
was then called the school in the
which it is now the school in the
language. I wish to really that I was
and returned out of the school of 1871
I showed that out of my own school of
now. The school of my own, my
then was in the fall of 1871. I had
position in the school was very
class as a teacher. My school was
Indian school. I visited with the
in the fall of 1871. I was called
the school after that. I had a
graduate until 1871 when I was
and in 1871 the school of 1871.
The school was very good. I had
the school of 1871. I had a
at home with only three who were
to undertake the management of the school. I
no other reason. I was home and for
nightly visited the school and taught the
that school. When I was in the school
school was in the school. I visited
year. I had been called to the school and to the
will only with the right school. We had a

had a division of labor, and the milking had fallen to Tom with Luck as his understudy. The first few days of milking was an agony. In the spring I hired a young man to do the field work while I taught school, did the chores and looked after the garden. I was busier than a bird dog. I had a lot of sows to farrow in April and early May. The spring was exceptionally rainy. I would rush home from school on a rainy day and out to rescuing pigs from the deluge. The cows were calving and often a new dropped calf had to be carried in on my shoulder from the pasture in a pouring rain. But I got through and when later I turned over the farm management to your Uncle Tom I found I had made \$100 a month. In college I affiliated with the Delta Tau Delta fraternity and was elected chapter delegate to the general conventions called Karneas. I attended the conventions at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1883, the convention at Detroit in 1884 and the convention at Indianapolis in 1885.

After my graduation in 1885, I taught the high school at Winterset for a few months. It was there I met your mother. She was in the senior class. I resigned in March of 1886 and went into the employ of the Iowa Homestead of which your grandfather Wallace was then the editor. I served there for a time as sub editor, and later traveling man in subscription and advertising. James Pierce was business manager. It was the time when the Homestead was making its fight against Peter Hepburn (a historic matter) congressman from the Eighth Iowa Congressional District. Matters got pretty bitter. I went out in the subscription work to feel out the land. I remained with the Homestead Company until I was released to go into organizing work for the Iowa Farmers Alliance. I became state lecturer and organizer, and in a few months had a strong organization. My aim was to make it edu-

cational and cooperative. The farmers had many grievances. Prices were very low and railroad and middlemen's charges were excessive. I have known oats to sell at 10 cents a bushel at the elevator and corn at 15 cents. Cattle and hogs were correspondingly low. Everything the farmer bought was excessively high compared with the price of the things he had to sell. I exposed the corporation record of Senator Hutchinson whom the Republican Convention had nominated for governor. If you have read Herbert Quick's novels of Iowa you will understand how Iowa politics were for a long time under control of railway attorneys. Hutchinson had been for several years the leader of the "Q" railway interests in the Iowa Senate. My exposure defeated Hutchinson and elected Horace Boies the democratic nominee. If you wish to know what a really disreputable character your father was, you can get files of the Iowa State Register and the "Me too" organs of that date. The defeat was accomplished by the Farmers Alliance. But it was the death of the alliance for the reason that it was now taken in charge by professional politicians as a step ladder to office.

I became National Lecturer and lectured in Minnesota, Missouri, Ohio and New York. I went to Canton, Ohio, for a week as the guest of the County Agricultural Society and for a time was a celebrity.

Your mother and I became engaged on March 29, 1886, and were married at Winterset, May 24, 1888. We first lived at Mason City, Iowa, for a few months as I was then travelling in Northern Iowa, and Mason City was centrally located. We then returned to Des Moines and lived in a house between 11th and 12th streets on what is now University Avenue, but then was North Street as it was the dividing line between Des Moines and North

Des Moines, then separate corporations. Wallace was born there August 23, 1890. In 1891 we removed to Cedar Rapids. I had bought a half interest in the Farmer & Breeder, a monthly publication. I took charge as editor and converted it into a semi monthly. It was published by the Cedar Rapids Gazette Company, owned and edited and managed by Fred Faulkes and his brother-in-law, C. W. Miller. They owned the other half interest in the Farmer and Breeder. Faulkes was erratic, but a very shrewd, able man, and exercised a large influence on the politics of the state for while he was a republican and the Gazette was nominally so, yet he was a free lance and his sympathies were with the people rather than with the politicians.

While in Des Moines in 1890, I had written "The Riddle of the Sphinx" a book devoted to farm problems and economics. A company was organized to handle it and made the mistake of making it a high priced book sold by subscription agents. The book created quite a little stir and several hundred copies were sold, but it was a failure on the financial side because of the expensive form in which it was issued. I afterwards sold the copyright to a Chicago firm, and have no idea what has become of the book, and I have only a mutilated copy of it in my possession. While at Cedar Rapids I was employed by the Schofield-Wilson Publishing Company to write a book on economics under the title of Wealth and Civilization as one in a series they were publishing for a "Progressive Reading Course." I do not know what the fate of this book was as they bought the manuscript and owned the copyright.

Grover Cleveland was elected president a second time in 1892. I had been for years a democrat in national politics on the tariff question and a republican in Iowa

on the prohibition question before it became a "Mulct" party, and an independent in local politics. The democratic party was under some obligation to me for the Hutchinson incident. I applied to Jerry Richardson of Davenport National Democratic Committeemen from Iowa for an appointment in the consular service. It came about in this way. Your grandfather Wallace was visiting us in Cedar Rapids over Sunday. He and Faulkes and I were in conversation. Faulkes suddenly sprang the proposition that I ought to have an appointment in the Foreign Service. The result of our conference was that the next day I took train for Davenport with a letter from Mr. Faulkes to Mr. Richardson. Mr. Richardson read the letter and then turned to me and asked what letters of recommendation and petitions I had or could get. I said to him—"I have none and will not attempt to get any." He said, "Why not." I answered, "I can have the appointment if you wish me to have it and all the letters of recommendation and petitions you ask for would have no effect. If you do not wish me to have the appointment all right." He pondered for a moment and then said. "The appointments from Iowa are in my hands, but President Cleveland holds me responsible for only recommending men of character who will not bring his administration into disrepute. I will recommend you for the appointment you ask if you will get a letter from Governor Boies saying your appointment will be satisfactory to him. (Boies had been reelected Governor.) I said Governor Boies has given out publicly that he will not give recommendations to anyone for appointment. He said, "Tell him I only wish the letter to show the President that you are acceptable to him and I will not file it. I took the night train for Des Moines. On the train down the newspaper carried statement from Governor Boies

emphasizing his refusal to endorse anyone for appointment by the president. I went over to the State House and after a brief wait, was ushered into the Governor's presence. He and I were very good friends. I preferred my request and gave him Mr. Richardson's message. He turned to me with "Mr. Ashby, do you not know that I have publicly stated that I would not recommend anyone for appointment?" I answered, "Yes, I saw a second statement to that effect as I came down." He looked at me a moment, turned to his desk and wrote the letter Mr. Richardson desired. (I wish to say a word here about Mr. Boies. He was one of Iowa's great governors, a man of strict uprightness and probity and great ability. He had been a republican, but had left the party upon the tariff issue.) When I returned to Davenport with the letter Mr. Richardson said, "Now go home and say nothing to anyone until the appointment is announced." I heard nothing from Mr. Richardson for six or eight weeks and meantime, Mr. Faulkes, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Richardson, Governor Boies and myself, were the only Iowa people who knew I was a candidate for an appointment. Then one morning I received a telegram offering me a choice of Dublin or a post in England or one in Germany. I chose Dublin. Nothing further was heard by me until one morning the Iowa papers bore in big headlines, "N. B. Ashby nominated by the President to be Consul at Dublin, Ireland." It created a turmoil among the democratic politicians of the state. It was charged that I was not a democrat. A demand was made to know upon whose recommendation I was appointed.—A question never answered until this time so far as I am aware.

Before the appointment was announced I had set about to sell the Farmer & Breeder. I sold it to your uncle H. C. Wallace and to Charles E. Curtis, both at that

time professors in the Iowa Agricultural College at Ames, where Prof. Curtis still is. Later on your uncle resigned from the professorship, bought Curtis' interest in the paper, took in your Uncle John as a partner and finally removed the paper to Des Moines as "Wallaces' Farmer" with your grandfather Wallace as editor.

In August your mother and I sailed for Ireland with our children, Wallace and Helen. Helen had been born at Cedar Rapids July 10, 1892, in a house we had built in the Beaver Park addition. I served five years as Consul in Dublin, having been continued in office for one year after Wm. McKinley who succeeded Mr. Cleveland became president. I then received an appointment under the Department of Agriculture of which James Wilson (Tama Jim) was then secretary for special work in market conditions in England, France and Germany. I spent five months in this work, chiefly in Manchester, London and Hamburg, Germany, with two visits to Paris. I was in Manchester when Gladstone died at his estate at Hawarden, twelve miles out from Manchester. I was in Hamburg when Bismarck died at his estate just outside Hamburg. We returned home in late October of 1898, coming by way of Quebec, Montreal and Niagara Falls. Our ocean steamer carried us up the St. Lawrence to Montreal.

We had a very enjoyable life in Ireland. The Vice Regal Court was there. Your mother and your Aunt Josephine who was visiting us was presented at Court, and during the years we were there we had the "Private Entree" of the Castle and were invited to many of the more important social functions:—once to a garden party to meet the Prince and Princess, now King and Queen of England, once to dinner to meet the Lord Chancellor of England, and always to the initiations into the order of

the Knights of St. Patrick, a feudal order dating back to the Crusades. The Chapter consisting of the Royal family of England and the Lord Lieutenant as honorary members, and the twelve most noble Lords in Ireland as the active chapter. The initiation was carried on under strictly feudal ceremonies with banners and pennants carried in the Crusade, and with fanfare of trumpets and heralds. We saw the present King of England initiated and Lord Roberts. I believe I witnessed five initiations all told—most wonderful, colorful affairs.

Your grandfather and grandmother and Aunt Josephine came over to visit us in 1894. We made while they were with us several excursions, one through North Wales. Your Aunt Josephine remained with us until the following summer 1895 when your mother accompanied her back to the United States. I went over the latter part of July. We visited at home until early September and then returned to Ireland. Your mother and I spent our summer holiday of 1896 in the Highlands of Scotland. We made our headquarters at Fort William. Fort William is situated on a land locked bay of the sea called Loch Linnie and is under Ben Nevis. The Caledonian Canal leaves from the upper end of Loch Linnie. At Fort William the Loch bends abruptly to the north and this north portion is the celebrated Loch Eil on which Loch Eil head of the Cameron Clan had his home. When we were there a braw Welshman by the name of Jones owned the Loch Eil house and lands and was fond of appearing in the streets of Fort William in Highland costume. This was the country of William Black's at that time popular novel "In Far Lochaber." If you have opportunity to read the book, the description and setting are fairly accurate. Your mother and I left Wallace and Helen in charge of the maid we took with us and roamed at will.

We climbed to the top of Ben Nevis—quite a feat if you will consider that its top was over 5000 feet above sea level, and the distance to the top from the sea only seven miles as the crow flies. We went by boat through the Caledonian Canal to Inverness then over the Highland Railway to Edinboro by way of Loch Lomond. I made a journey by stage coach north over the mountains to the Isle of Skye. In 1897, we spent the summer at the old Wallace farmstead on the Antrim side of the Bann. Your grandfather's Uncle Samuel was then alive and Rev. John Jamison and his wife, cousin Lizzie, uncle Samuel's daughter, Margie McKee's aunt, lived with him. The place was called the Leap, because of the Salmon leap to get over the dam in the Bann river there. The Bann is a very large stream and a fine salmon river. I put in three weeks fishing for salmon, rowing from Port Na up the river five miles to the next port and down again, but caught never a salmon although I caught plenty of other fish. Henry John lived at Movenis over in County Derry. He was uncle Samuel's son, but was regarded as the head of the family. Mr. and Mrs. McKee (Margie's father and mother) lived in London. We occasionally went over to London on a visit and we visited Paris twice. Your mother came over to Hamburg, Germany with you children while I was stationed there and remained three weeks. Wallace and Helen should remember something of those experiences and scenes.

When we came home in 1898, we brought another member of the family, Nannie, who was born at Norwood, our Irish home, in October, 1897. We rented the Ankeny house on Center street, and lived there until the next September when we moved to our farm Farvue which I bought in the spring of 1899. Bruce was born at the farm in 1900 and Genevieve in 1903. We bought

our home on Beaver Avenue in the winter of 1910 and moved there in the next spring, 1911. Since then our life has been an open book to you and here ends the story of myself.

Newton B. Ashby.

ADDENDA. (1)

MILITARY SERVICES IN WORLD WAR.

Cloyd Rauch enlisted on the Pacific coast, went over seas in 1918; 1st Lieutenant in the Artillery. Promoted to Captain. Was wounded in right arm.

Wallace Ashby went abroad in 1918 as 1st Lieutenant of 304 Engineers. Served on the Argonne front before Mt. Faucon. Promoted to Captain.

Ray Ashby went abroad in spring of 1918 in the Aviation Division where he served as mechanic and chauffeur.

William Ashby went abroad in the 88th Division.

Charles Ashby enlisted but did not get abroad.

Olin Ashby and Bruce Ashby were in the Student Volunteer Corps.

Helen's husband, Dr. James G. Simmons, served in the Medical Corps of the navy and was assigned to transport service of bringing home the wounded.

ADDENDA. (2)

THE ASHBYS IN VIRGINIA.

I have stated that our family came to Kentucky from or near Ashby's gap. This gap was named for Captain John Ashby who came through this gap in the Blue Ridge and settled on the Shenandoah just opposite the gap. The following statements in regard to the Ashby family are taken from a family history of

“THE BUCKNERS OF VIRGINIA
and the allied families of
STROTHER AND ASHBY.”

come to Kentucky about 1790 and from the traditions of the family I feel sure that he was a descendant of Thomas Ashby through one of the sons enumerated.

The fragmentary character of the history in relation to the Kentucky Ashbys is illustrated fully by the following:

“October 12, 1815, settlement of accounts of the guardian of Sarah Ashby in the presence of Willoughby Ashby, her guardian appointed by County Court of Shelby in the County of Kentucky. Recorded in Fauquier County (Va.) February 26, 1816. Signed by Nimrod Ashby, Turner Ashby. This is all. No account of Sarah Ashby or Willoughby Ashby, or why the guardianship had to be settled in Virginia. But it proves beyond doubt that the Shelby County, Kentucky Ashbys were the descendants of Thomas Ashby and descended probably from either Captain John Ashby, the elder or his brother Robert Ashby.

Robert Ashby, the other son of Thomas Ashby of which we have account had as sons, Captain Nimrod Ashby, Benjamin Ashby, Enoch Ashby and Captain John Ashby, Jr., often confused in the Ashby Chronicles with his uncle, Captain John Ashby of Ashby's Gap.

Nimrod Ashby married in 1759, had two sons, Martin and Thomas Bryan of whom there is no further account except that Robert Ashby was appointed their guardian upon the death of their father in 1764.

Enoch Ashby had a son Alexander whose daughter Sarah is recorded as having married John Carlisle of Kentucky.

Captain John Ashby, youngest son of Robert Ashby and known as Captain John Ashby of Belmont, became quite as famous as his uncle Captain John of Ashby's Gap. The family tradition is that he was one of the Vir-

ginia contingent under Washington at the time of Braddock's defeat. He was entrusted with the dispatches after the defeat to the nearest military station, Fort Loudon, now Winchester, Virginia. He made the journey and return with dispatches so quickly that his commanding officer could not believe that he had started until he presented the answer to the dispatches from the commander at Fort Loudon.

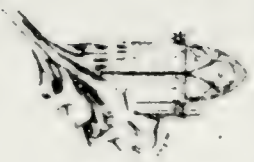
This John Ashby in his will leaves to his various heirs large tracts of land in Kentucky. After disposing of apparently some 2500 acres in Kentucky to other children he provides: To three sons, Nimrod, William and Thomson, half of 1000 acres on north fork of Licking in Kentucky, and also 1450 acres."

Here is a Thomson Ashby of about the age of father's grandfather, but is apparently not our forebear Thompson. But I have cited enough facts to show beyond reasonable doubt that our family are lineal descendants of that Thomas Ashby of Frederick County, Virginia, father of Captain John and Robert Ashby.

One paragraph more. The most distinguished of the Virginia Ashbys was General Turner Ashby, commander of Stonewall Jackson's Cavalry in the Shenandoah Valley campaign. He was born in 1828 and was killed in action at Harrisonburg, Virginia, in June of 1862. He is buried at Winchester, Virginia, and his birthday is formally observed by the city each year. He was a grandson of Captain John Ashby of Belmont.

HERE is a plan far greater
than the plan you know,
There is a landscape broader
than the one you see;
There is a haven where storm-
tossed souls may go.
You call it death — we Im-
mortality."

Anon.



In Memory Of

Mr. NEWTON B. ASHBY

Born

July 7, 1856

Died March 26, 1945

Tucson, Arizona

Services at

Trinity Presbyterian Church

March 27, 1945

Officiating

Rev. Cecil E. Hoffman

Place of Interment

Des Moines, Iowa

April 7, 1945

Rev. Wm J. Rockliff
officiating

APPRECIATION

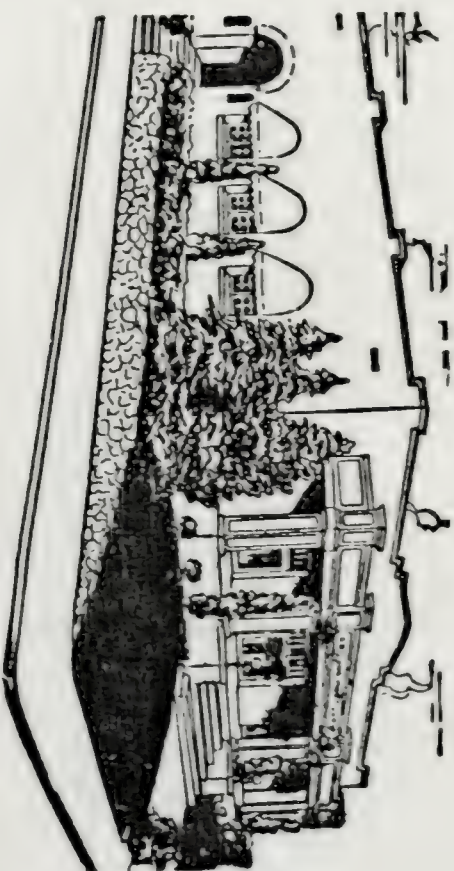
*On behalf of the family, we
wish to express their gratitude
for your many kindnesses evi-
denced in thought and deed,
and for your attendance at the
memorial service.*

ARIZONA MORTUARY, INC.

Verna E. Yocum

THIRD AND STONE

TUCSON ♦ ARIZONA



Remembrance

The first of these is the
 fact that the United States
 has a large and growing
 population of colored people
 who are capable of doing
 as much work as the white
 population. The second is
 the fact that the colored
 population is increasing
 rapidly. The third is the
 fact that the colored
 population is becoming
 more educated. The fourth
 is the fact that the colored
 population is becoming
 more organized. The fifth
 is the fact that the colored
 population is becoming
 more influential.



*James
 M. Smith*

